My Encounter With The UFO

BY STEPHEN MICHALAK

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STEPHEN MICHALAK

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From Author's manuscript in Polish re-told by Paul Pihichyn

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MY ENCOUNTER WITH THE UFO

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On the front cover: The heat from UFO burned Author's cap and shirt (note the peculiar pattern) and melted his glove when he touched the craft.

FOREWORD

When I was approached by Stephen Michalak to write the English version of his story, I was sceptical. I did not believe in the existence of extra-terrestial life, and the phenomena called UFOs.

After helping with the English translation of the original Polish manuscript by Mr. Michalak I began to wonder if I had been wrong. I wondered if perhaps there could have been a landing at Falcon Lake on May 20, 1967.

But I still wasn't convinced.

I talked to several people mentioned in the book. I read accounts of the sighting which appeared in the press and in magazines. And after weighing all the facts, I felt sure that Stephen Michalak did indeed witness the landing of an alien craft.

A word on the original text. Mr. Michalak has made notes on his observations, and events that followed. Recently he compiled these into chronological account of what happened in Polish, his native language. His only purpose in doing so was to inform the public of this uncanny occurance and the strange effects it had upon him.

Through talking with him, I have found that he is not a man who would exaggerate or distort or fabricate such a tale. The events described in this book are true.

It is interesting to note that the Canadian Press carried a report on November 6th, 1967 saying that the Government of Canada refused to disclose any information they had discovered during investigation of the claims by Mr. Michalak.

In the words of Defence Minister Cadieux, "it is not the intention of the department of national defence to make public the report of the alleged sighting."

If the investigation had shown that the "alleged sighting" was pure fabrication, is it not conceivable that the government would have made it known, and cleared up any doubts or fears the public may have. But instead, the federal government chose to remain silent. This can mean only two things: either they have definite proof, unknown to Mr. Michalak and myself, or they know something extraordinary happened but can not or dare not explain it.

It is up to you, the reader, to make your own decision.

Paul PIHICHYN

INTRODUCTION

My name is Stephen Michalak. I was born 51 years ago in Poland. After the turbulent years of the Second World War that started in my homeland, and due to the events that followed, I was forced to leave my country and go abroad.

In 1949 I came to Canada, and some years later, settled in Winnipeg, Manitoba. I live with my wife, two sons and a daughter in a modest home. I have a steady income from my job as a mechanic at the Inland Cement Company. Two of my children attend the University of Manitoba. We live a happy, satisfied life of average Canadians, fully enjoying all the blessings this country is offering us.

Up until the time and the events I am about to describe I had no special interest in "flying saucers" and other strange phenomena one hears about time and again I heard and read about them, but they meant to me about as much as the Loch Ness monster. Maybe they are real, maybe not, but I had never been seriously concerned about them.

Not until May 20, 1967, when I, perhaps as nobody else – or at least very few – came in such a close contact with one of those strange objects commonly called UFOs.

How it all began, how I happened to be in the vicinity of the actual landing of the UFO and my strange encounter with it – will be explained hereinafter.

I am what one may call an amateur prospector. For

many years, mostly early in the Spring, this being the most favourable time for prospecting in the wooded and rocky terrain of eastern Manitoba, I go and look for minerals. I have even made a few claims.

When the Spring of 1967 came I decided to spend the first long weekend in the Whiteshell area – lying about 80 miles east of Winnipeg.

So, early in the evening on Friday, May 19th, I took the Greyhound bus to Falcon Lake and settled down for the night in a motel with the idea of getting up early in the morning and "trying my luck", as I said to myself.

Little did I know then what kind of "luck" I was to find the next day.

THE LANDING

It was 5.30 A.M. when I left the motel and started out on my geological trek. I took with me a hammer, a map, a compass, paper and pencil and a little food to see me through the day, – wearing a light jacket against the morning chill.

The day was bright, sunny – not a cloud in the sky. It seemed like just another ordinary day, but events which were to take place within the next six hours were to change my entire life more than anyone could ever imagine. I will never forget May 20, 1967.

Crossing the Trans-Canada Highway from the motel on the south side, I made my way into the bush and the pine forest on the north side. After travelling some distance I got out my map and compass and orientated myself.

By 9 o'clock I had found an area that particularly fascinated me because of the rock formation near a bog along a stream flowing in the southward direction. I was searching for some special specimens that I had found on my earlier expedition.

My approach had startled a flock of geese, but before long they became accustomed to my presence, quieted down and went about their business.

At 11 o'clock I began to feel the effects of the breakfast I did not eat that morning. I sat down and took out the lunch I had brought with me. Following a simple meal of smoked sausage, cheese and bread, an apple and two oranges washed down with a couple of cups of coffee, and after a short rest, I returned to the quartz vein I was examining. It was 12.15, the sun was high in

the sky and a few clouds were gathering in the west.

While chipping at the quartz I was startled by the most uncanny cackle of the geese that were still in the area. Something had obviously frightened them far more than my presence earlier in the morning when they gave out with a mild protest.

Then I saw it. Two cigar-shaped objects with humps on them about half-way down from the sky. They appeared to be descending and glowing with an intense scarlet glare. As these "objects" came closer to the earth they became more oval-shaped.

They came down at the same speed keeping a constant distance between them, appearing to be as one inseparable unit, yet each one completely separate from the other.

Suddenly the farthest of the two objects – farthest from my poing of vision – stopped dead in the air while its companion slipped down closer and closer to the ground and landed squarely on the flat top of a rock about 159 feet away from me.

The 'object" that had remained in the air hovered approximately fifteen feet above me for about three minutes, then lifted up skyward again.

As it ascended its color began to change from bright red to an orange shade, then to a grey tone. Finally, when it was just about to disappear behind the gathering clouds, it again turned bright orange.

The "craft", if I may be allowed to call it a craft, had appeared and disappeared in such a short time that it was impossible to estimate the length of the time it remained visible. My astonishment at and fear of unusual sigth that I had just witnessed dulled my senses and made me loose all realisation of time.

I cannot describe or estimate the speed of the ascent because I have seen nothing in the world that moved so swiftly, noiselessly, without a sound.

THE CRAFT

Then my attention was drawn back to the craft that had landed on the rock. It too was changing in color, turning from red to grey-red to light grey and then to the color of hot stainless steel, with a golden glow around it.

The type of goggles I was wearing to protect my eyes from the rock chippings proved to be beneficial also when encountering UFO.

I realized that I was still kneeling on the rock with my small pick hammer in my hand. I was still wearing goggles which I used to protect my eyes from the rock chips.

After recovering my composure and regaining my senses to some degree I began watching the craft intently, ready to record in my mind everything that happened.

I noticed an opening near the top of the craft and a brilliant purple light pouring out of aperture. The light was so intense that it hurt my eyes when I looked at it directly. Gripped with fear and excitement, I was unable to move from the rock. I decided to wait and watch.

Soon I became aware of wafts of warm air that seemed to come out in waves from the craft, accompanied by pungent odour of sulphur. I heard a soft murmur, like the whirl of a tiny electric motor running very fast. I also heard a hissing sound as if the air had been sucked into the interior of the craft.

It was now that I wanted a camera more than anything else, but, of course, there is no need for one on a geological expedition. Then I remembered the paper and pencil that I had brought with me. I made a sketch of what I saw.

By now some of the initial fear had left me and I managed to gather enough courage to get closer to the craft and to investigate. I fully expected someone to get out at any moment and survey the landing site.

Because I had never seen anything like this before, I thought it may have been an American space project of some sort. I checked for the markings of the United States Air Force on the hull of the craft, but found nothing.

I was most interested in the flood of lights that poured out of the upper reaches of the craft. The light, distinctly purple, also cast out various other shades. In spite of the bright mid-day sun in the sky, the light

Rough sketch of the craft made at the scene of landing

cast a purple hue on the ground and eclipsed the sunlight in the immediate area.

I was forced to continually turn my eyes away from the light which made red dots to appear before my eyes every time I looked away.

I approached the object closer, coming to within 60 feet of the glowing mass of metal. Then I heard voices. They sounded like humans, although somewhat muffled by the sounds of the motor and the rush of air that was continuously coming out from somewhere inside. I was able to make out two distinct voices, one with a higher pitch than the other.

This latest discovery added to my excitement and I was sure that the craft was of an earthly origin. I came even closer and beckoned to those inside:

"Okey, Yankee boys, having trouble? Come on out and we'll see what we can do about it".

There was no answer and no sign from within. I had prepared myself for some response and was taken aback when none came. I was at a loss, perplexed. I didn't know what to do next.

But then, more to encourage myself than anything else, I addressed the voices in Russian, asking them if they spoke Russian. No answer. I tried again in German, Italian, French and Ukrainian. Still no answer.

Then I spoke again in English and walked closer to the craft.

By now I found myself directly in front of it and decided to take a look inside. However, standing within the beam of light was too much for my eyes to bear. I was forced to turn away. Then, placing green lenses over my goggles, I stuck my head inside the opening.

The inside was a maze of lights. Direct beams running in horizontal and diagonal paths and a series of flashing lights, it seemed to me, were working in a random fashion, with no particular order or sequence.

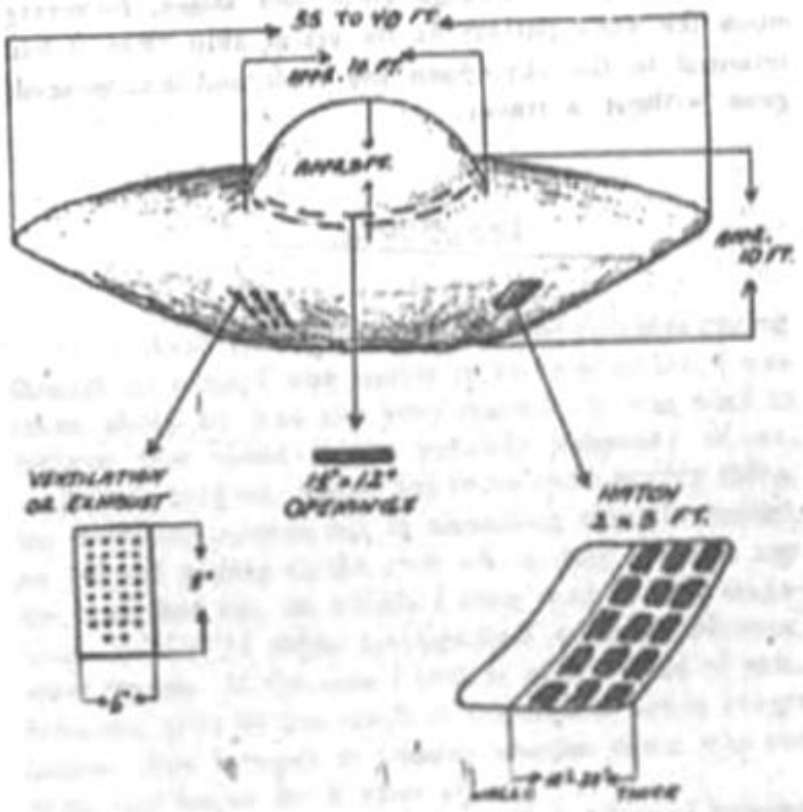
Again I stepped back and awaited some reaction from the craft. As I did this I took note of the thickness of the walls of the craft. They were about 20 inches thick at the cross-section.

Then came the first sign of motion since the craft touched down.

Two panels slid over the opening and a third piece dropped over them from above. This completely closed off the opening in the side of the craft.

Then I noticed a small screen pattern on the side of the craft. It seemed to be some sort of ventilation system. The screen openings appeared to be about 3/16 of an inch in diameter.

I approached the craft once again and touched its side. It was hot to the touch. It appeared to be made of a stainless steel-like substance. There were no signs of welding or joints to be seen anywhere. The outer surface was highly polished and looked like colored



Pictorial description of the craft based upon the rough sketch made at the scene of landing.

glass with light reflecting off it. It formed a spectrum with a silver background as the sunlight hit the sides.

I noticed that I had burned my glove I was wearing at the time, when I touched the side of the craft.

These most recent events occured in less time than it takes to describe them.

All of a sudden the craft tilted slightly leftward. I turned and felt a scorching pain around my chest; my shirt and my undershirt were afire. A sharp beam of heat had shot from the craft.

I tore off my shirt and undershirt and threw them to the ground. My chest was severely burned.

When I looked back at the ship I felt a sudden rush of air around me. The craft was rising above the tree-tops. It began to change color and shape, following much the same pattern as its sister ship when it had returned to the sky. Soon the craft had disappeared, gone without a trace.

AFTERMATH

As I stood there with a thousand thoughts racing through my mind, I was unable to move or to act. I was taken aback by fear and bewilderment. It was hard to believe that these things actually happened to me.

Reason told me, that it had to be some earthly thing, but evidence pointed out to something else. I recalled, as I stood gazing at the rock where only seconds ago the craft had sat, an article I once read in Life magazine. It told of other civilizations on other planets, other worlds. At the time I took it with a grain of salt, believing it to be the result of someone's fertile imagination. Now I began to wonder whether there was not some foundation for it after all.

The odour that reminded me of an odour of burning electric motor mixed with a strong smell of sulphur, still hung in the air. Looking down, I noticed some dry moss burning near my discarded shirts. Automatically, I stamped out the fire with my feet. The woods were extremely dry and a fire now could possibly trap me.

Again I turned my thoughts to the events and scenes I had just witnessed. Walking over to the rock where I had left my bag and compass, I began to pick up my things.

When I looked at the compass I saw the needle whirling around, completely out of control, as if some strange magnetic force had been controlling it. Seconds later it became still, working normally.

Somehow my desire for prospecting had vanished. I decided to go over to the landing site and make a thorough inspection of the place where the craft had touched down.

As I approached the site I felt nauseate and my head began to ache. The spot where the craft had come to rest looked as if it had been swept clean with a broom. There was no debris of any kind on the rock. No twigs, bits of stone – nothing. It had all been piled up in a six inches deep circular mound about 15 feet in diameter.

As I stood there examining the spot, the pain in my head became more severe. Waves of nausea increased and I broke out in a cold sweat.

I knew that something totally unnatural had happened to me and, apparently, it was having adverse effect on my physiology.

I might add that up to this time I had been as healthy as any man could expect to be. My weight was a constant 190 pounds, and I had not been sick a day in the last 25 years. The only times I went to a doctor was for the regular insurance company check-ups.

Now it was obvious that something was wrong. Very wrong. I vomited. A feeling of weakness was coming over me and I became really alarmed. I knew that I must get back to civilization as soon as possible.

I returned to the place where I was when all this happened and gathered up my equipment. Then I started walking back towards the highway and Falcon Lake.

I had not gone far when I was forced to stop and vomit. Again and again my stomach heaved and swayed. My mouth was hot and dry. The pain in my head got worse. All the food I consumed was gone from my stomach, but I continued to vomit – green bile.

The same kind of pink dots that appeared in front of my eyes when I looked at the light in the craft – returned.

I came upon the brook I had passed on my way into the area. Bending down, I slopped water all over my face and head. I had to remain conscious. To stop now would be fatal.

Using the compass was impossible. I couldn't make out the direction of the needle because I was unable to see straight. Instead, I searched for some familiar land-marks. With great effort in every step I made my way in what I hoped was the right direction, praying that every step would bring me closer to safety.

I had to continue stopping every so often to vomit. The ever worsening splitting headache added to my misery. Now I felt a burning on my chest. Red marks had appeared where the hot blast from the craft touched me and burnt my shirt. Some spots were as large as silver dollars. I removed my jacket because it irritated the sores when the cloth touched them. I kept on walking naked from the waist up.

Before long I was to experience another chilling fright. I saw an unfamiliar path which I had not seen

before. I thought that I became lost. But, I reasoned, the path may lead me to the highway. I prayed that it would. I began following it and soon heard cars passing by on the road.

I was desperately in need of medical attention. Sweat ran into my eyes and I could hardly see where I was going as I stumbled along the path and finally got onto the highway.

As I stood there catching my breath I began wondering how I could ever explain the thing I had just seen and experienced. My wife and children would never believe me. And what about my neighbours and friends? It was so unearthly, so unbelievable – like an apparition. How could I defend myself, should people say I was crazy? Hundreds of thoughts flashed through and puzzled my mind. It was impossible to decide there and then what to do. I knew that I must get help fast. That was my first concern at the moment.

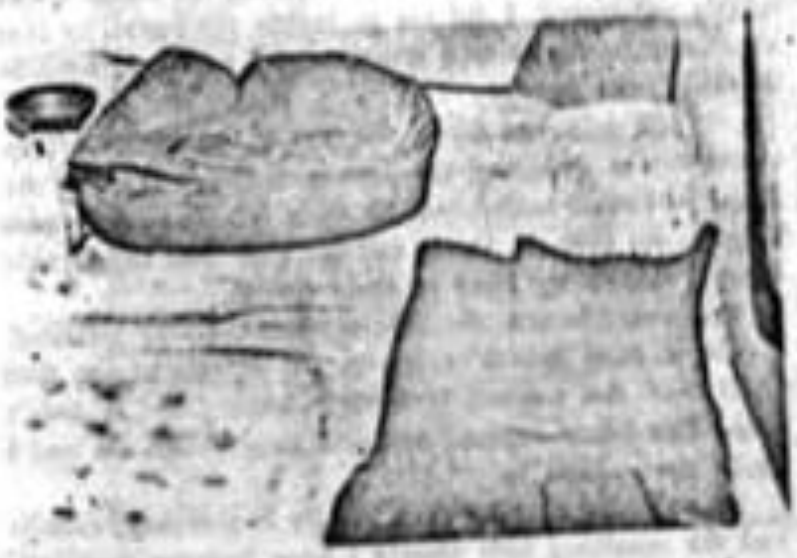
I knew there was an RCMP detachment at Falcon Lake. There, I hoped, I could at least get some medical aid and care. Besides, it was my duty to report to the authorities what I had just witnessed.

I walked out onto the highway and discovered that I was about a mile west of the point where I had entered the woods that morning. I directed my steps eastward, hardly able to move my feet. I made some small progress growing weaker with every step.

My heart-beat quickened when I saw an RCMP car approaching. I raised and waved my hand frantically, but the car passed by without stopping. I was amazed at their apparent indifference to my signalling.

The only thing to do was to continue walking. I made very slow progress; my stomach was still churning and my head was pounding like a drum. My only thought was to get to Falcon Lake as soon as possible.

The odour of "burning electric motor" and sulphur



The hot surface of the craft melted my glove and the heat burned my cap and set on fire my shirt, formed a peculiar burnt pattern on my under-shirt.

lingered about me, constantly bringing back to my mind the things I had seen.

As I staggered along the roadside I heard a voice calling me. Turning, I saw an RCMP constable. Briefly I gave him an account of what had happened – warning him not to come to close to me because I feared the possibility of spreading radiation. I asked about medical aid.

"Sorry, but I have duties to perform here", he said.

I stared at him, unbelieving what I had just heard. He, apparently, did not believe a word I told him. Otherwise he would have acted differently.

The constable left me with my sickness and disappointment. Yet I thought: every human being, no matter how small or how great, has at one time or another found within himself great ambition to accomplish what seems to be impossible. I knew that for me such a time had come now.

At long last I was within the sight of my motel at Falcon Lake. My journey took every ounce of strength I had left in me. By the time I reached the motel I was totally exhausted. I did not go inside the motel for fear of contaminating people around me. I remained outside in the woods nearby.

I felt detached from the rest of the world. All my strength was gone and the pain in my head reached the limits of human endurance. My eyes felt as if they were bulging out from my head, and the pain was unbearable when I turned my head to look around.

With every breath, the stench of the sulphur returned. I took a deep breath trying to rid myself of the foul smell and the nausea it brought about, but it didn't help. The odour seemed to come from within me and I could not escape it.

I was afraid that I had ruined my health and visualized the resulting hell should I have become disabled. To the exclusion of everything else my mind centered upon the possible consequences flowing out of what had just happened. The pains continued and became more severe than ever.

By four o'clock that afternoon I could stand it no longer. I got out and went to the motel's restaurant, asking a waitress if a doctor was available. She said that the resident physician would not arrive until July and that the nearest doctor was in Kenora, Ontario, 45 miles east of Falcon Lake.

With this latest setback I had no alternative but to go to my room and rest. There had to be some way of getting medical aid and attention.

I thought of the press. Things that happened to me were definitely news, if nothing else. So I contacted the Winnipeg Tribune – only to find that I had again drawn a blank. It was Saturday afternoon and there was no one in the office who could have helped me.

Large and small pink spots appeared on my chest as the result of burns I received from the heat of the craft

I did not want to alarm my wife, or cause a panic in the family. I phoned her as a last resort, telling her that I had been in an accident and that I had suffered some burns to my chest. We arranged to have my son Mark meet me at the bus depot in Winnipeg later that evening.Now at least I seemed to be getting a little closer to safety.

Returning to my room, I packed and checked out – only to find that I had four hours to wait for the bus! I felt sick, very sick, all cold, and hot, and cold again. I put on a sweater and an overcoat, but the chills kept recurring.

I left for the bus stop long before the bus was due to arrive. Not wanting to mix with people because of the possibility of my spreading radiation, I waited in the background.

As I sat on a tree stump on the boulevard, suffering pain and the stench and the colored spots all around me, I began to reflect upon my life. Flashing through my mind were horrors of the war with its total disregard of human life, its valour and its cowardice. I recalled instances when I had closer brushes with death – and survived. This thought comforted me and I felt that somehow I'll pull through my present harrowing experience.

After what seemed an eternity, the bus arrived. I boarded it and gave my ticket to the driver. He looked at me the way one looks at a drunk. I could almost feel what went on in his mind, but he had no idea how utterly wrong he was.

I moved to the rear of the bus, hoping to separate myself from the other passengers by the greatest possible distance. I wanted no contact with people now. It was a relief to know that I would be home soon.

My eldest son, Mark, met me at the Winnipeg bus depot at 10.15 that evening and took me directly to the Misericordia Hospital.

THE SCRUTINY

A doctor examined the burns on my chest and gave me a sedative. He asked me how I got burnt. Excuses flashed through my mind, and I told him that I had been hit by exhaust coming out of an aeroplane.

At this point I must explain the reason for contradicting the recent events, and avoid confusing the reader. The doctor who treated me was of Chinese origin and, while being a fine and competent physician, I am sure, he was not too well versed in the English language... and neither am I. I felt that there could be some misunderstanding and what's more: I did not feel up to relating the whole story just then. I was thinking how to get home as soon as possible, without any delay that my true revelation might have caused. Besides, the pain I was suffering was too much for me to go through it all again.

My son took me home. After a bath I took a sedative and went to bed – hoping that morning will bring a brighter day.

The following day proved to be no better. The pain was just as bad, the awful stench still lingered in my lungs and the dots still danced in front of my eyes. The vomiting has stopped. It was quite a relief. Strangely, I was not hungry. I realized that I had not eaten since I had seen the crab in the woods the day before.

Efforts to drink a little tea proved useless. No sooner had I swallowed it when I began to vomit again.

I weighed myself and found that I had lost six pounds since yesterday -- more cause for concern.

The throbbing pain in my head persisted no matter how I sat, turned or laid down. Only the loyal support and understanding of my family sustained my strength and lifted my spirit.

In the evening Miss Heather Chisvin, Winnipeg Tribune reporter, together with a photographer came to the house. I didn't realise, as I recounted the events of the previous day, that this was a beginning of a long series of questions and harassment by the press, radio, television, Air Force and various authorities.

I did not sleep that night, nevertheless I felt a little better the next morning. I had never taken any medicines before, but now I decided to try some 292s. I took two of them, but they did not seem to do much good.

My wife called our family doctor, Dr. R.D. Oatway. I repeated to him the whole story. He looked at me with what one may call a professional discretion and told me to eat some sugar and salt. He also prescribed some sea-sickness tablets, and more 292s.

He said the burns were only first degree and not too serious, except for one that was more severe and would require a little more care.

The sea-sickness tablets seemed to do the most good; they relieved my headache somewhat.

Later Dr. Oatway left me in care of his colleague, Dr. B. C. Shaw. He also said that I should go to Medical Arts Centre in Winnipeg for blood tests. After Dr. Shaw had become acquainted with my case and after studying my burns he gave me an anti-bacterial skin cleanser and an ointment.

Meanwhile the news of my encounter with the unknown object has spread throughout the city.

One of the people who took a special interest in the

case was Barry Thompson of the APRO*). After hearing my story he stated his belief that the craft was not an earthly creation. He persuaded me to take blood and radiation tests. I was grateful to Mr. Thompson because he was the first person who took my story seriously. He showed me that he knew quite a lot about such matters.

Other people I talked to were sceptical, but I don't blame them for I would have had doubts myself if someone else told me the same story.

Soon the telephone calls began. It seemed that everyone in Winnipeg wanted information about the UFO that I had seen. In my state of health I could not answer all the calls, so my son Mark took up the task.

Many calls were from people who were sympathetic to my situation and I was grateful to them. I only regret that I could not remember all their names.

However, a number of names do linger in my memory. There was Mary Lou Armstrong of the University of Colorado, officials of the BBC and CBC, Prof. James McDonald of the University of Tuscon, representatives of the Winnipeg Free Press and the Winnipeg Tribune and many others.

During this time my health made little progress. The most interesting thing was that I did not feel hungry. I had no desire to eat, and I continued to lose weight. I started making a chart and kept a record of the state of my health.

The news of what I had seen was spreading rapidly around the world. Articles appeared in newspapers and other publications throughout the world. Some accounts gave validity to my story, others were quite sceptical.

I was afraid, I think, of ridicule more than anything else.

Press investigations did not stop at my own home.

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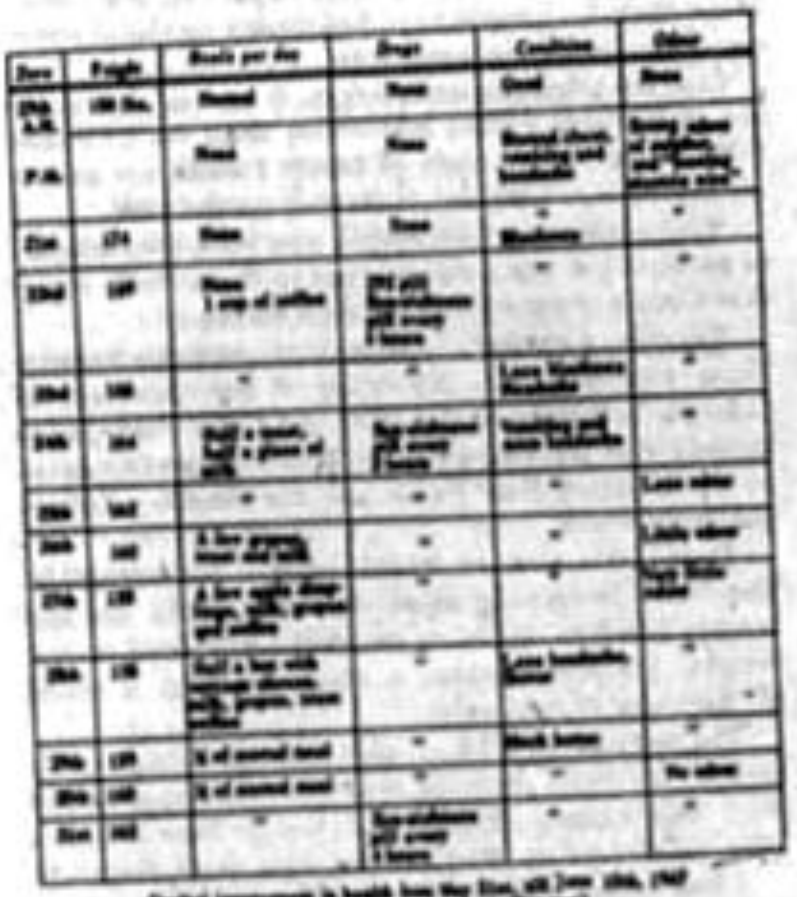
*) *Aerial Phenomena Research Organization.*

SUMMARY OF MY HEALTH
from May 30th, 1967 to May 31st, 1967.



Reporters went out to my friends and neighbors asking if they thought I was a stable person, whether I drank a lot, and whether I was the type who bragged and boasted a lot.

Then came the official investigations. The RCMP

and the RCAF. Men whom I did not know and never expected to meet came to my door. They too had many questions to ask. What was my domestic life like? Why was I in the woods at the time? Somehow people seemed to have a genuine interest in my experience, and I so joyed talking to them.

I was amused by some people who came to quiz me. One could read their characters clearly just by the type of questions they asked. Some would say: "Why didn't you run?", or "Why didn't you enter the crash?"; or "Weren't you afraid? I would have been!"

By Tuesday evening following the incident, I was totally exhausted. I could talk to people no longer. I refused to answer the phone. I tried to break all contact with the outside world.

This action only succeeded in creating discontent amongst the public. I began to be regarded as an ignorant anti-social creature. My detractors and critics could not know how I felt, could not appreciate what I was going through. They just couldn't know...

A soldier who has taken part in a battle, who has seen death and suffering can tell his story, and no matter how true it may be or how much emotion he may put into it, there will still be an element of disbelief in the listener. The mass cannot understand an individual. They listen, pass it on and forget it. This is how it was in my case. No one knew what I was going through.

During the next few days I saw Dr. Ostway and Dr. Shaw, a radiologist, Dr. T.D. Craddock, and a skin specialist, Dr. S. S. Berger.

On May 22 Mr. Thompson, in consultation with Dr. Craddock sent me to the national atomic research centre at Pinawa, Manitoba. I was examined for radiation. Aft-

the examination I was told that I was not suffering from radiation and was in no danger. Slowly my health improved.

THE SEARCH AND THE FIND

On June 4th Dr. Ray Craig of the University of Colorado and John Fried of Life magazine called upon me. Together with Mr. B. Thompson, we went to Falcon Lake to try and find the site where the craft had landed.

Nature changes quickly at that time of the year and the forest was very much different now that it had been when I was there before. We searched and searched in vain.

I was sorry that our trip was unsuccessful, but there was nothing we could have done about it.

The same thing happened later when the members of

Dr. R. Craig during the unsuccessful search for the landing site

the RCAF under Sqd.-Ld. P. Hlesky and the RCMP went with me to search for the spot.

We even used a helicopter, but it was no use. It seemed as if the place had disappeared from the face of the earth. The men who came with me were disenchanted. I made up my mind that sooner or later I'll find the spot and solve this mystery once and for all.

As my health improved, other reports of sightings turned up. A 13 year-old girl from Winnipeg, Darlene Bagley, reported seeing a similar thing. She made a sketch of it. Her sketch was not unlike the one I had made.

Then I heard about two boys seeing something near Falcon Lake about noon on May 20, the day of my experience with the object.

I found that within four weeks before and after my seeing the object there were at least 20 reported sightings in the area.

Slowly I tried to forget the events that had taken place. I returned to work and tried to get things back to normal.

Then on Sunday, June 10, three weeks after the day in Falcon Lake, I felt an itching in my chest. When I looked I noticed a number of blisters high up on my chest near the throat and a V-shaped rash that ran from the middle of my chest up to my ears.

I went to Dr. Shaw immediately. He examined me, took pictures and gave me some medication. It had no effect on the rash, and after a few days he sent me to Dr. Berger. I saw him for four weeks. During this time he gave me several treatments and the trouble disappeared.

On June 30th I contacted Mr. G. A. Hart, an electronic engineer in Winnipeg. He had offered me help earlier. I knew that he went to the Falcon Lake area quite frequently, so I asked him if I may accompany

Remains of my undershirt found at the site of landing. Note the peculiar checkerboard pattern created by the heat which also burned my chest

him some time and perhaps search for the landing site.

He not only took me there but helped me in the search. I looked throughout the woods checking rocks I had seen before, examining chips I had made in the stone and finally, after six hours, we came upon the spot.

Our greatest surprise was to see very plainly the outline of the ship on the ground where it had landed six weeks earlier.

We found the remains of my shirt at the scene along with the tape measure I lost that day. We placed the articles in plastic bags, gathered some samples of rock and earth from the area and took some pictures of the spot.

We also discovered that branches of trees in the area where the craft came down had withered away and died, while all around the trees were flourishing normally.

After looking around briefly we returned to Falcon Lake, marking our way clearly so we could find the spot again.

Back in Winnipeg, I told Mr. Thompson and Sqd.-Ld. Bissky that we had found the spot. On July 2nd they travelled with me to the landing spot and took more pictures and samples.

Later in the week I went to see Dr. Berger because the rash had returned to my face. He again treated it.

Mr. Stewart Hunt of the National Department of Health and Welfare and Mr. D. Thompson of the provincial health department came to me later and with the members of the RCMP and the RCAF gave me a report on the samples.

Mr. Hunt told me the earth analysis showed radiation. He took geiger counter readings in my house, but apart from the earth I had sent in, no further radiation was discovered. They promised to return for more tests.

On July 2nd Corporal Davis and Constable J. Zacharias of the RCMP in Winnipeg came and took me to Falcon Lake. There we met Mr. Hunt, Mr. D. Thompson and Sqd.-Ld. Bissky. Together we went to the spot and made more tests. They said there was some radiation but not enough to be dangerous.

At last the investigation was over. All there is to do is to wait for the final results, but I feel that they will never be made public.

Samples of earth and rock were also sent to Colo

The circular outline of the spot where the craft had sat six weeks ago was still plainly visible

rado University and to APRO. Accounts of the events mentioned appeared in magazines throughout the U.S. and Canada.

So far there was no official word. Perhaps our scientists are ashamed to admit that somewhere there is an intelligence and technology greater than ours.

As for the Government, it is possible that they are afraid that they will cause national panic if they reveal all they know, but it seems to me that they should say something definite*).

The public has a right to know whether this thing came from our planet or from another world, whether it was friendly or harmful. People should be told what it was all about.

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*) Canadian Press on November 6th 1967 carried on its wires the following despatch:

OTTAWA (CP) – A report arising out of a federal investigation into the sighting of an unidentified flying object at Falcon Lake, Man., this year won't be made public.

"It is not the intent of the department of national defence to make public the report of the alleged sighting," Defence Minister Cadieux said in a written reply to questions by Ed Schreyer NDP - Springfield.

He said the report last spring by Stephen Michalak was investigated by the defence department, the federal health and welfare department and the RCMP.

EPILOGUE OR INTERLUDE?

On September 21st, just five months after my encounter with the craft at Falcon Lake, another strange thing happened.

I was on the roof of the Inland Cement Co., where I work. It started as a burning sensation around my neck and chest. At first it felt as a bee sting, but the pain was too intense and covered too great an area. I went down to the first-aid room to have the affliction examined. The pain grew worse and my throat began to feel like it was burning. My body began to swell. Tearing off my shirt, I noticed large red spots in the same place where the burns from the ship had been before.

The superintendent came in. After seeing what had happened he took me to a doctor immediately. In the next 15 minutes my body had turned violet. The swelling progressed so quickly that I could not take off my shirt again. My companion could not look at me, he kept turning away. My face must have looked horrible.

My hands looked as if they had been inflated with air – like a balloon, and I could feel my strength weakening. My vision was failing and I could make only dim outlines of things. The room was spinning around and I felt myself fading out into unconsciousness. I felt somebody lifting me onto a bed, but I was not aware of what was happening.

Later I was taken to the Misericordia Hospital for observation. By 9 P.M. that evening the symptoms

began to disappear, my strength was returning and I began to feel better. I was released from the hospital at noon the following day, and all the swelling and marks had disappeared.

Doctors at the hospital said the swelling was the result of some allergy, but it seemed rather strange that the spots appeared in the same places where the UFO had left its marks.

* * *

On September 30th I returned to the place where the craft had landed – to see if there were any other changes. I could not believe what I saw.

The leaves in the area looked as if they had been sprayed with some killing chemical. All were withered and dead. No vegetation grew within a 50 foot radius of the landing site. The area where the craft had touched down was still visible.

I took more pictures, also a geiger counter reading. It indicated a radiation count of 400 u. R.

I decided to return to the spot next May, one year after the sighting, to see if any changes have occured and to see if the site is still discernible.

With regard to my health, I have been able to gather certain theories from various doctors and scientists as to the nature and source of the disturbances, their effects and any possible future results owing to the experience.

Members of the official investigation team. From left to right: Mr. Hunt, of the federal health dept. Ottawa; Corp. Davis, RCMP; Mr. Thompson, provincial health dept., Winnipeg; myself; Sgd. Ldr. Blasby; Fl. O. Smith, RCAF, Winnipeg; Const. Zacharias, RCMP, Winnipeg.

The branches of trees in the area where the craft came down had withered away and died, while all around the trees were flourishing normally.

One official said that my shirt and body was burned by ultrasonic waves, while another feels that it was a thermal reaction caused by a blast of hot air under pressure.

Radiologists have said that radiation found at the scene was a product of nuclear fission, like that emitted from an atomic reactor.

Another doctor said there were indications of the presence of the gamma rays which might have caused the burns and the immediate deterioration of food in my stomach which would have caused the awful stench I had experienced.

Yet another interesting observation showed that the amount of blood lymphocytes in the blood stream dropped from the normal 25 per cent to 16 per cent and finally returned to normal some four weeks after the sighting.

A federal report said that contact with the radiation may have caused or may yet cause blood cancer – leukemia.

Now that all seems to have ended as far as the events and after-effects are concerned, I would like to say that the burns and suffering I had endured were not caused by any aggressive moves of the craft or its occupants, as far as I can see.

The contact I had with the ship was of my own choosing and I was burned by the exhaust of the craft as it took off. Probably, if I stayed farther away from

The last visit to the landing Scene – September 30th 1967. Radiation was still present with greatest intensity in the spot between the two men.

the craft I would not have burned or suffered in any other way.

As a result, I offer this warning to all who may also encounter such a craft: keep away from it far enough to protect yourself and take all precautions against similar reactions.

THE END

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